

IRISH DEPORTEES AT BOW STREET: STORY OF PLOT

The Daily Mirror 20

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER PAGES

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One Penny.

SINGER M.P.?



Dame Nellie Melba, the famous prima donna, may shortly become a parliamentary candidate. She admitted yesterday the suggestion had been made, but she could say nothing more at present.

FIRST COURT OF THE SEASON



Miss Sylvia Lathrop, who is of a well-known San Francisco family, was presented.



Miss Anna Hamlin, of Washington, U.S.A., who was presented by Mrs. Post Wheeler.



Miss Kathleen Bowne Gelshehen, a charming American, who was presented last night.



Miss C. Connolly, daughter of Sir J. Connolly, Agent-General for Western Australia, and—



—her sister, Miss Veronica Connolly, two of many charming debutantes.

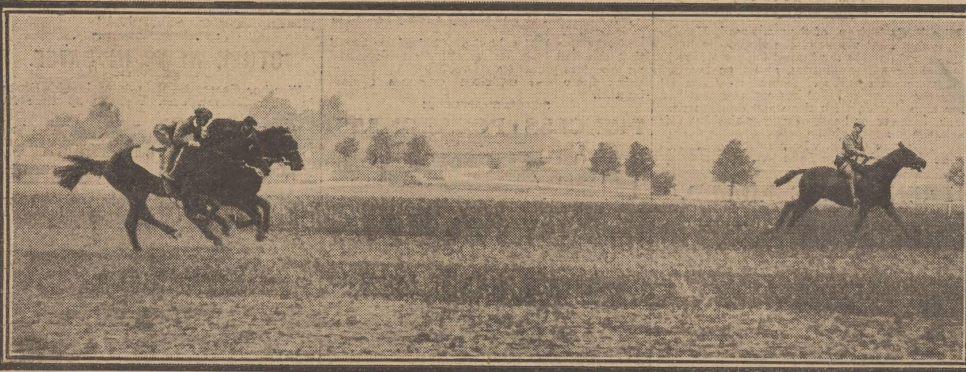
IMPORTANT TRIAL OF LORD—



The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton (left), her husband and Lady Victoria Bullock at the trial.

White or white and silver were the predominant hues of gowns at last night's brilliant function—their Majesties' first Court of the season—in the Throne-room of Buckingham Palace.

DERBY'S HORSES: TRANQUIL NOW FOR OAKS—AND PHAROS FOR THE DERBY



The finish of yesterday's important Derby trial. Silurian beat Pharos by a neck.

Tranquil was third, two lengths away.

An important trial of Lord Derby's horses Pharos and Tranquil was held at Newmarket yesterday, the two three-year-olds being run against the four-year-old Silurian. As the

result, it is stated, Pharos will be run in the Derby and, if all goes well with him, Tranquil will be kept for the Oaks.



Pharos, with Weston in the saddle, photographed just before the trial.

DAZZLE GOWNS AT FIRST COURT.

700 Guests at Palace—U.S. Presentations.

DIPLOMATS' NIGHT.

Debutantes Wear Colours—The Queen's Dress.

Seven hundred people attended last night the first evening Court of the season at Buckingham Palace.

It was "Diplomats' Night," and the blaze of foreign decorations, the dazzling frocks and the splendour of the royal procession formed a scene of great brilliancy.

Lace and tissue were in rivalry for favour. The Queen wore a lovely gown of lace, silver and gold. Americans were prominent among the presentations.

Debutantes, among whom was the Premier's daughter, for the first time were permitted to wear coloured frocks.

LACE AND TISSUE COURT

Blaze of Foreign Decorations—Premier's Daughter Presented.

By Our Woman Reporter.

The smallest royal circle for some time occupied the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace last night, but this did not detract in the least from the splendour of the old-world ceremony: the gorgeous uniforms of the Household, the impressive royal procession, the blaze of foreign decorations—since it was "Diplomats' Night"—and the beauty of filmy gowns of lace mingled with the sheen of the new-woven tissues put the stories of the state apartments quite in the shade.

It was a lace Court—but lace mingled with all the loveliest of the new softly woven tissues and fulgurants in the case of the younger women and with broadcades in the case of the dowagers.

Contrary to expectations, greens were not many, peach colour and the palest of pinks mingling with silvers and affording a welcome relief to the all-pervading blue of recent weddings.

Wristlets were many, fans more than ever enormous, bouquets fewer than was expected.

THE QUEEN'S LOVELY GOWN.

Seldom has the Queen looked more lovely or more impressive than she did last night. Her gown, with swathed waist and short sleeves of lace, was of silver and gold tissue lisse, slightly draped on the right side, where the end of the broad blue sash of the Garter falls, and trimmed with pearls and diamonds. The very long train of English broadcade, also of silver and gold, was draped with old point de Flandres lace. A diamond bracelet clasped her right wrist, and she wore an all-round crown of diamonds on her silvery hair.

The most interesting presentation was that of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Howard, presented by Mrs. Stanley Baldwin. The Prime Minister's wife wore a gown of gold tissue, its train draped with very lovely cream lace, while her daughter, presented on her marriage, had chosen a Phelps gown of white and silver brocade caught up in front with an ornament of crystal and silver to give an Egyptian effect. Her train was of clear white tulle edged with all gold. Perhaps the most startling frock was that of Mrs. Asquith, who wore a gown of peach-coloured brocade made after a fifteenth century Italian style. Mrs. Lloyd George was a contrast in black lace.

Mrs. Post Wheeler, who, in the absence of Mrs. Harvey in America, presented twenty-four Americans, had also chosen peach colour—in satin with drapings and train of wonderful Venetian lace.

MORE FANS THAN FLOWERS.

The most interesting debutante was the Lady Rachel Howard in a very simple silver tissue frock, the tulle train lined with shell-pink chiffon and some posies of pink at the waist. There were more fans than flowers among the English, but most of the Americans carried bouquets.

The Marchioness Curzon, who had a long list of presentations in her capacity as wife of the Foreign Secretary, looked very beautiful in a golden frock draped with fine creamy lace, with one of the new two-pointed trains, and carried flowers.

The Duchess of Devonshire wore some remarkable diamond ornaments on her cream-and-gold broadcade gown with heavy train, and Lady Rachel Cavendish looked very attractive in shell pink with a train of fine silver lace edged with a double frill of shell pink chiffon, barely visible under the lace.

WAR ON KU KLUX KLAN.

Fresh Measures To Be Taken, Says Governor, Who Will Enforce Law.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

Governor Smith intimates that fresh measures will be taken against the Ku Klux Klan on account of their refusal to deliver up a list of their members.

He is determined, he says, to see that the law is rigidly enforced.—Central News.

BRITONS BARRED.

First-Class Passengers Unable to Land in U.S.

WOMEN'S ORDEAL.

Six British first-class cabin passengers were refused permission to disembark from the liner President Monroe on their arrival at New York on Tuesday, says Reuter, because England's immigration quota is filled.

The names of the passengers are: Mrs. Alice Thomas and her two daughters; Mrs. Alice Robertson, Mrs. Elise Demitron, and a fifteen-year-old boy. Mrs. Demitron's husband, who is an American, was at the pier to meet her. Mrs. Thomas was coming to join her husband in Wisconsin. All the passengers were taken to Ellis Island, where a special board of inquiry is to decide whether they shall be ultimately admitted.

Mrs. Alice Thomas, of 6, Upper Church-street, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, was travelling with her two young daughters, Ivy and Edith.

Mrs. Alice Robertson had been living at 25, Down-road, Teddington, and Mrs. Elise Demitron at 37, Banalt-row, Stoke Newington.

Under the American immigration laws only a certain number of English people who wish to stay in that country longer than six months may enter the United States every month.

English shipping lines receive full instructions as to how many can enter America each month, and if there are too many the shipping companies have to assume full responsibility for their return.

WILL OF 292 FOLIOS.

£380,000 Death Duties on Millionaire Sportsman's Estate.

Death duties amounting to £380,000 will be paid on the £1,229,482 left by Mr. Frank Bibby, the famous shipowner and sportsman, who twice won the Grand National. The net personality amounts to nearly £900,000.

His will consisted of 292 folios. To his wife he left the choice of either of his two residences, Hardwick Grange or Sansau, Harewood, and an annuity of £15,000.

The great bulk of his property passes to his son, Mr. Frank Bibby, who owned and any person inheriting the settled property is to assume the name of Bibby. Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., the landscape painter, left £86,000.



Mr. Frank Bibby.

VICEROY'S NOVEL FETE.

800 Guests at Fancy Dress Moonlight Party—100 Year Old Uniforms.

Lord and Lady Reading gave a novel moonlight fete to 800 guests in a fancy dress at the Viceregal Lodge, Simla, on Tuesday night.

The Viceroy himself was in evening dress with Orders, states Reuter, but the Viceregal staff wore uniforms of 100 years ago. General Lord Rawlinson, the Commander-in-Chief, and Lady Rawlinson and their staff were disguised in dominoes.

The beautiful terraced flower gardens and lawns were brilliantly lighted with thousands of coloured and electric lights, presenting an Arabian Night-like scene. The amusements included dancing in the open air, a maze, a chute and numerous side-shows.

COAT SLASHER AGAIN.

Girl's Costume Ripped in the Strand—Second Case This Week.

Miss Doris Wilson, of Seymour-road, Haringey, is the latest victim of the clothes-slasher. She stood outside the Strand Corner House in a crowd for a few minutes, and then boarded a West-bound omnibus. Immediately she sat down she discovered that her costume coat had been ripped open from the waist downwards.

This is the second case of clothes slashing this week, the previous victim being a young woman from Turnham Green, whose skirt was slashed in the Leicester-square Tube lift.

FRENCH ACE KILLED.

Airman Who Brought Down 21 'Planes in War Crashes.

PARIS, Wednesday.

M. Deullin, one of the French Aces of the war, who destroyed twenty-one enemy aeroplanes, was killed yesterday at Villa Coublay.

He was making a flight in a new aeroplane when he was shot at a great speed when he crashed.—Central News.

BLAZING CAR MYSTERY SOLVED.

The mystery of the touring car found in flames on a pond at Swanwick (Hants) without an owner has been solved. The driver, Frederick Hurford, failed to get assistance after the accident and returned to Portsmouth.

£3,000 A YEAR WIFE.

Divorce Ends Wealthy Man's War Romance.

"WANTED A GAYER LIFE."

The war romance of a wealthy man who married a reception clerk at a York hotel and allowed her a motor-car and £3,000 a year came to an end in the Divorce Court yesterday, when Mr. Christopher Brooks Warner was granted a decree nisi against his wife Gertrude, who, he alleged, had committed misconduct with John Smith, an electrical engineer.

Mr. Warner said his wife had been a hotel clerk at York, where he was on war service. They were married there in 1916.

When demobilised he took a large house at Malton, near York.

Mr. Cotes Pready: I think you allowed your wife a motor-car and £3,000 a year?—Yes.

But after a time she wanted a gayer life than you desired?—Yes.

Quarrels ensued, and in March, 1920, added petition, she asked for a decree of separation under which his wife received an allowance of £1,000 a year free of income tax.

THREE M.P.s APOLOGISE.

Mr. Newbold's Suspension Lifted on Motion of Mr. Baldwin.

The House of Commons was yesterday treated to the unusual spectacle of having three apologies from members within about as many minutes.

The suspension of Mr. Newbold, Motherwell's Communist M.P., was removed after the Prime Minister, as Leader of the House, had stated that he had received an "ample and complete apology" from Mr. Newbold.

Then Mr. Sexton apologised for his "unparliamentary language" of the day before, and Mr. Watts Morgan explained at length why he had found it necessary to interrupt a speech by the Home Secretary.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Dignified Titles for Your Breakfast Milk—Three Grades.

"A milk cow is a cow kept for milking purposes."

This startling statement, which is calculated to draw indignified denials from dairy farmers and others interested in milk—excluding infants—is made by the Ministry of Health in their Milk (Special Designations) Order, 1923.

Further, states this illuminating epistle, a dealer is a person who "sells milk wholesale or retail," and when such an individual "sells," to use the lofty, but efficient, phrase of the Health Ministry, he offers or exposes for sale, and "sale" is construed accordingly.

There are now four classes of milk, namely; "certified," "grade A" (thoroughly tested), "grade A" (this, apparently, abstains from the ordeal of a test), and "pasteurised."

HER "FANCY TITLE."

Decree Nisi for Officer Whose Wife Posed as Countess.

A marquis and the wife of an English officer, who was stated to have passed herself off as a "countess," figured in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Captain John Netherole, of the Indian Army, sued for the dissolution of his marriage with his wife, Bianca Sormani Andreani, on the ground of her misconduct with a co-respondent named Sarowitch. A second co-respondent was cited who was referred to in the hearing as the Marquis de Santini.

Mr. Leo Burton Fenny said he went to a villa near Trouville in September, 1922, and was received by a lady who said she was Countess Netherole.

Mr. Barnard: It was simply a fancy name she gave herself.

Mr. Justice Hill said the wife had confessed that she had been living with Sarowitch, and he therefore granted a decree nisi. He did not think there was sufficient evidence against Santini.

PRINCESS POCAHONTAS.

Grave Opened by Home Office Order at Gravesend—No Body Found.

Early yesterday the grave in which, according to tradition, Princess Pocahontas was buried in 1618 was opened by Home Office order with the object of discovering if the remains were actually there.

It is stated that no remains have been found. It was recently announced that Americans wish to remove the body of the Princess for burial in America.

LATER BROADCASTING.

Many requests having been received for a later start of the broadcasting officers radiated by the London station, arrangements have been made for postponing the programme at 5.30 p.m. instead of at 5 o'clock as before. The change comes into force on June 1, when the concert will take place at 5.30 p.m. to 7.30 p.m. and from 8 p.m. to 11 p.m.

GIVE THE DOG HIS DUE.

Flood of Protests Against High Railway Fares.

BREEDERS HIT.

Unable to Attend 50 per Cent. of Shows.

Letters and messages of protest against the high and unfair rates which the railway companies are still charging for the conveyance of dogs continue to reach the office of *The Daily Mirror*.

These protests are not confined to the general public alone, but come from officials of almost all the great dog associations and from responsible members of societies engaged in looking after the welfare of animals.

Notwithstanding an all-round reduction in railway passenger fares and other rates, the companies still require 75 per cent. more than they did in pre-war days to carry a dog.

It makes no difference whether the dog is accompanied by the owner or whether it is chained and muzzled and carried in the guard's van—the charge is exactly the same.

"LIVE STOCK."

Companies Who Class Pedigree Dogs with Other Animals.

There is little doubt that for some reason several of the companies are disposed to discourage the travelling of dogs by train.

At present dogs are only allowed to travel in a passenger compartment by permission of the guard, after that official has satisfied himself that the other occupants of the compartment are not objecting.

Some companies, however, definitely prohibit dogs from entering an ordinary compartment.

The railway companies seem to be utterly indifferent to the question of dog travel as a source of revenue," said Mr. H. T. W. Bowell, secretary of the Kennel Club, to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

Possibly they are shy about letting dogs travel in passenger compartments, but there is little need for them to be.

"Of recent years the pedigree dog industry has come into a place of its own in this country," he continued, "and our activities are much hampered by the manner in which we are treated by the railway companies."

"They say they will not be common carriers of livestock, and in this spirit they entirely overlook the pedigree dog. Before the war the Kennel Club registered about 20,000 fresh dogs each year.

INCREASING FIGURES.

"In 1922 the number was 30,000, while the figures for 1923 will be nearer 40,000. In the ordinary way each of these dogs would travel many miles by rail from show to show during a year, because its value is increased each time it is exhibited."

This would bring a considerable amount of money to the companies.

"The present high rates compel exhibitors to restrict their travelling as much as possible."

Miss Desborough, secretary of the Ladies' Kennel Association, said that exhibitors living in remote parts of the British Isles are either giving shows a complete miss or are bringing one or perhaps two dogs when they have been accustomed to bring half a dozen.

"There are such few dog shows in this country in a year," continued Miss Desborough, "and people who never sent less than two dogs to each show are obliged by the present excessive fares to be unrepresented at half of them."

"Before the 75 per cent. increase on dog-ticket charges such a thing as missing a championship show was unheard of."

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Weather Forecast.—Rain later in the South; in other districts cool. Lighting-up (time 10.3 p.m.).

New Recorder.—Mr. R. E. Dummelt has been appointed Recorder of Barnstable and Bideford.

Murderers of Mrs. Ellis.—The murderers of Mrs. Ellis have found refuge in Shinwari territory near Sangu Kheil.—Reuter.

Barrister Candidate.—Blyth engineers are nominating Mr. Turner Samuels, barrister, as Labour candidate for Morpeth by-election.

On the Dole.—The Jarow medical officer reports that 13,000 out of the 36,000 population are receiving poor law relief and 4,000 adults are on the dole.

Louth Disaster Obelisk.—On the third anniversary of Louth flood disaster a marble obelisk was unveiled bearing the names of the twenty-three victims.

High Prices for Kiplings.—At Sotheby's yesterday a copy of Kipling's schoolboy lyrics printed in Lahore in 1881 fetched £228 and a first edition of "Plain Tales" £38.

Morbid Burial.—"Lack of employment and morbid spirits" was the excuse of Arthur Smith (twenty-seven), sentenced at the Old Bailey yesterday to three years' penal servitude for burglaries.

NINE DEPORTEES CHARGED—CROWN STORY OF PLOT

"O.C. Newcastle" and Other I.R.A. Officers Join Art O'Brien at Bow Street.

SECRET OF "STUFF" IN SEIZED DOCUMENTS

Counsel's Statement That High Explosives and Guns Were Supplied to Companies.

Nine Irish deportees, including Mr. Art O'Brien, appeared at Bow-street yesterday to answer a charge of seditious conspiracy. They were remanded till to-day.

Counsel for the Crown unfolded the story of an alleged plot to overthrow the Irish Free State. Joyce, Mullarkey and Flynn, he declared, were officers of the I.R.A. in England and were engaged in the same conspiracy as O'Brien, McGrath, O'Mahoney and Galvin.

References in seized documents to "stuff" meant, said Mr. Travers Humphreys, high explosives, fuses, powder, etc. Various companies of the I.R.A. possessed it. One company had three guns.

Evidence was given of the discovery at McGrath's room of formulae for the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, dynamite and cordite.

TALE OF EXPLOSIVES FOR THE PRINCE'S REPLY TO I.R.A. COMPANIES. A MOTHER'S APPEAL.

Counsel on Effort to Conceal Promise to Help Her All Correspondence. He Can.

RORY O'CONNOR LETTER.

The nine Irish deportees charged at Bow-street yesterday with seditious conspiracy were Art O'Brien, president of the Irish Free State Determination League; Sean O'Mahoney, Sean McGrath, Michael Galvin, a schoolmaster at Greenwich; Thomas Joyce, Jarrow; Anthony Mullarkey, of Bedlington; Thomas Flynn, of South Shields; Patrick Fleming and Dennis Fleming.

Mr. Travers Humphreys, prosecuting, said the charge against all the defendants was one of having been parties to a conspiracy by force to compel a change in the constitution of the Free State of Ireland.

Joyce was treasurer of No. 94 branch of the Irish Free State Determination League and adjutant of one of the companies in the Republican Army.

Mullarkey was the "O.C. Newcastle" and in connection with the documents found it would be seen that the parties, although they said they understood they were engaged upon a perfectly legal transaction, took steps to prevent persons going through their correspondence and documents. The directions seem to have been to have them addressed to a "Miss Brooks."

WHAT "STUFF" MEANT.

Flynn, said counsel, seemed to have held the position of quartermaster of No. 3 area of the Irish Republican Army, which had its headquarters at South Shields. In his possession was found an interesting quartermaster's report book, and under the heading "Stuff" it was found that "stuff" according to this gentleman, meant high explosives, fuses, detonators, powder, etc. An amount of "stuff" was possessed by various companies of the battalion.

"B" Company was said to have no "stuff" at all, but had three guns. Other documents found on Flynn recorded the purchase of explosives, ammunition and revolvers.

Upon Fleming's similar documents were found. Inspector Daniel O'Donnell, of the Special Branch, Scotland Yard, said that at Woolwich O'Mahoney declared there were people who had violated their oath to the Irish Republic. If there was any one there who had done so he called him a traitor.

McGrath at Birmingham was alleged to have urged an audience to carry on with their propaganda and eradic the Irish people to get the Republic they longed for.

FORMULA FOR EXPLOSIVES.

P.S. Smith, who searched the room occupied by McGrath, at Rochester-terrace, said he found a pocket-book which contained references to fuses and detonators, a statement regarding the amount of gun-cotton required to blow up a masonry arch.

On certain pages there were the formulae for the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, cordite, etc., and instructions for bomb-making.

P.S. Wilson said that at the room occupied by Flynn in South Shields he found what was called a "Battalion Q.M. Report Book," which reported the income and expenditure of the battalion and the holding of the battalion councils at Newcastle.

Liverpool police, giving evidence against the two defendants Fleming, stated that in their bedroom was a letter from "G.H.Q., Dublin," signed by Rory O'Connor, asking that a statement attached be read on parade, and every man must then, decide whether he would continue in the Republican Army or not.

BRADFORD'S WELCOME.

A woman who had lost her son in the war asked the Prince of Wales when he visited a Bradford wool combing works yesterday if he would help her to obtain a pension.

The Prince made a note of the woman's name, which was Leeder, and her address, and promised to do what he could.

It was the Prince's first visit to Bradford, and he was greeted by real Yorkshire cheer from a real Yorkshire crowd.

During a comprehensive tour of the institutions and workshops of the city he was accompanied by the Earl and Countess of Harewood, Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey and Captain Lascelles.

The Prince left the home of his hosts shortly before ten o'clock, and while passing through Otley his car ran over a dog.

All along the route to Bradford the Prince found evidence of the popularity of his visit. Arriving at the new workshops of the Royal Institution for the Blind, he was met by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Bradford.

The Prince conversed with several blinded Service men.

"And how are you getting along," the Prince asked one man whom he had seen at St. Dunstan's. "I hope you are finding plenty of work."

LINKS WITH DOMINIONS.

The Prince then went to Lister Park to listen to the singing of patriotic airs by over 2,000 schoolchildren.

Replying to the address of welcome at the town hall, the Prince said to one who "like myself has spent much time in the Dominions, there is a special interest in a visit to your city. The links between Bradford and some of those Dominions are close and important.

It has been my privilege to see some of the raw material on the other side of the world waiting to be shipped to England, and today I hope to see how the industry and technical skill for which Bradford has long been celebrated transform this into the finished product."

The Yorkshire greeting, "How do, lad?" chalked on a board in a wool-combing works, brought a smile to the Prince's face.

Later the Prince opened a new road constructed by ex-Service men.

LOOK THAT CAUSED PAIN.

Hypnotised Woman Reveals Secret of Ache in Her Shoulder.

A remarkable story of a look which caused pain is related by Dr. Crichton Miller to the International Conference of Day Nurseries in London yesterday.

Dr. Miller told of a patient of his who had an inexplicable pain in her shoulder. He hypnotised her and found that, before she was three years of age, her mother used not to reproach her but to open her eyes wide as though in surprise.

This look always caused the pain, which had lasted all through her life when the woman was under stress of emotion.

RUHR STRIKE COLLAPSE.

The strike movement in the Ruhr is on the wane, the new wages agreement apparently satisfying eyes of the Communists, says a Reuter Berlin telegram. A general resumption of work is expected.



Mr. Justice Darling was unable, owing to illness, to sit at the Bow-street yesterday.



Marshal Pilsudski, Chief of the Polish State, visited London yesterday from Warsaw.

DAME NELLIE MELBA TO STAND FOR PARLIAMENT?

"I Can Speak Well and I Have Brains."

WILLING TO BE AN M.P.

Dame Nellie Melba, the celebrated prima donna, may shortly stand for Parliament.

She told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that it was too early to say anything definite.

"For the last six weeks I have had a very bad time and am just recovering from a serious operation," Dame Melba added. "All I am thinking about at present is my health, and hoping that I shall be able to sing at my best on Friday."

"It has been suggested that I might stand for Parliament, and I will admit I am not opposed to the idea."

"After all, I can speak well, and I have a few brains, you know."

Dame Melba is to appear before the King and Queen in "La Bohème" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to-morrow night.

NEW GERMAN OFFER.

Expected to Reach Allies Early Next Week.

That the new German offer on reparations will be formally handed to the Allies early next week was confidently predicted in well-informed quarters yesterday.

If it is regarded as offering a basis for negotiations an Allied conference will take place with the least possible delay.

The date, however, will entirely depend upon the attitude taken by the French Government. According to the Berlin correspondence of the Paris Journal, Germany will renew her proposal to make a payment of a definite sum of thirty milliard gold marks and will ask for a moratorium of four years.

She will arrange a certain number of yearly payments the totals of which will not be fixed in advance. The first of these, payable at the expiration of the moratorium, will be more than a milliard gold marks.

The Premier presided yesterday morning at the first fully attended meeting of the Cabinet at 10, Downing-street.

SALARIES OVERPAID.

Leyton Teachers Ordered to Refund More Than £7,000.

Leyton teachers will have to refund over £7,000 paid to them in excess of their salaries.

Sitting to a late hour on Tuesday night, the Urban District Council, by a considerable majority, decided that the teachers should be required to refund the amount, which is three-fifths of the salaries in excess of the amount allowed by the Board of Education, which was paid to them in 1921, 1922, and for the year 1922-23 in there is any amount in excess of grant.

Councillor Heather moved an amendment that the request should be sent not as a demand, but as a request. If the council put forward "You must" it would put an end to all further conferences with the teachers.

Eventually the recommendation of the Education Committee to require the refund was carried.

"JANE FOR SHORT."

Mrs. Anna Ursula Agatha Juana Craven Simmons asked, in the Divorce Court yesterday, for a restitution decree against her husband, Augustus Gabriel Jose Maria Ewart Walter Simmons. In a letter Mr. Simmons called his wife "Jane for short." His Lordship made an order for the respondent to return to his wife in fourteen days.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN ILL.

Princess Christian has had a heart attack following a severe attack of influenza, states that her condition causes anxiety.

SLEEPING BOYS SAVED FROM FIRE.

Plucky Rescue by Schoolmaster in Gas Mask.

110 ESCAPE.

Night Dash from a Blazing Building.

One hundred and ten schoolboys had a wonderful escape early yesterday, when Winton House Preparatory School, on the outskirts of Winchester, was destroyed by fire.

The boys were aroused when the fire was discovered, and all but five of them rushed into the grounds clad only in night attire.

When the roll call showed that five boys still remained in the school, a master dashed into the burning building wearing a gas mask, and rescued one boy, who was still sleeping on the top floor.

Another boy, W. E. Mitchell-Innes, of Minehead, pluckily rescued a boy named Mark, whom he carried out in a semi-conscious condition.

Three other boys were cut off from escape by dense smoke, but they had the presence of mind to get wet sponges and, covering their mouths, make a dash through the corridor.

ALARM GIVEN BY BOY.

The fire was discovered when a boy, F. V. Leyland, was awakened by smoke and rushed to the matron's room to give the alarm.

The flames spread alarmingly, and it was not long before the whole school—a large two-story building standing in its own grounds—was a mass of fire.

Winchester fire brigade was called and found flames leaping 40ft. above the roof. After several hours' work the fire was got under control.

All the boys showed wonderful calm. Several tried to save their personal belongings. The majority lost practically all their clothing, and one boy was left with nothing but the pyjamas in which he escaped.

The school, an old private residence, has been used for its present purpose about eight years. It is thought that the fire was caused by the fusing of an electric wire.

Believed to have been caused by an electric wire fusing, a fire destroyed the upper story of the mansion in the centre of Orwell Park, the Ipswich home of Captain E. G. Freytmann, M.P., yesterday.

A telephone message was sent to Mr. George Scudamore, Captain Freytmann's eldest son, at Felixstowe, and he returned and assisted the staff in moving the priceless pictures in the art gallery to a place of safety.

STREET IN PERIL.

Terrifying Night for People Living Near Blazing Tannery.

People living in the small houses adjoining the works of the Vauxhall Tanning Company, Eccles-street, Liverpool, had a terrifying experience on Tuesday night, when a fierce fire broke out at the tannery.

Some of them stood in their night clothes at their front doors, watching the flames and wondering anxiously what would happen next.

The fire was discovered by a watchman in the after-drying room, where a large quantity of leather and other materials soaked in oils were stored. The flames spread rapidly, and about fifty yards of the block extending from Vauxhall-road down Eccles-street were damaged.

Two large mills in the Yorkshire manufacturing town of Newmillers caught fire yesterday, and the damage is estimated at £100,000. Five hundred workers will be thrown idle.

Four million Christmas crackers exploded yesterday morning in a Shoreditch warehouse.

WOMAN SHOT IN HOSPITAL.

Husband Falls at Wife's Bedside with Wound Near His Heart.

A tragic shooting affair took place in Newcastle Maternity Hospital, when Kenneth Gibson, 28, a commercial traveller, is alleged to have shot his wife, Blanche, aged 22, and then to have shot himself.

Gibson visited his wife in hospital, and when leaving and in the act of embracing her is alleged to have placed the revolver to her breast and fired. The bullet entered her lung. Another shot rang out and Gibson fell wounded at the bedside. The bullet passed two inches from Gibson's heart and has not been located.

Both husband and wife lie in a dangerous state.

Many patients and visitors were in the ward at the time.

£500 FOR ELECTION LIBEL.

Damages of £500 were awarded in the King's Bench Division yesterday by Mr. Charles Norton, Independent Conservative candidate for West Bermonsey at the General Election, against the National Liberal candidate, Mr. Charles Scriven, for libel in a poster.

SPECULATE £5 *in rich Arkansas Oil Land*

It may mean a Fortune to You

SPECIAL OFFER

to "Daily Mirror" Readers

**The "OIL LAND REVIEW" will be posted
Free upon receipt of Request Form below**

The "OIL LAND REVIEW" is an exhaustive report upon the newly discovered fortune-building Oilfields of Arkansas, U.S.A., and dealing in detail with one of the soundest and most attractive propositions for the small speculator that has ever been brought before the British public.

It tells of the enormous fortunes which are now being made out of Arkansas Oil. Fortunes being made from practically nothing and almost overnight by those lucky enough to be "on the spot." It gives the Oil situation in Arkansas at a glance; it contains valuable official information, together with authoritative details secured by our own expert, who has only recently returned from a personal tour of investigation. This information is embodied in the "OIL LAND REVIEW," which is available to every *bona-fide* speculator, free.

It is the most up-to-the-minute-reference on Arkansas Oil, and has been produced at great cost. It will be sent you gratis, together with valuable geological and statistical reports, map, actual photographs and full information concerning the Mutual Participation Pool, entirely without obligation on your part, upon receipt of the request form below.

THE £5 MUTUAL PARTICIPATION POOL

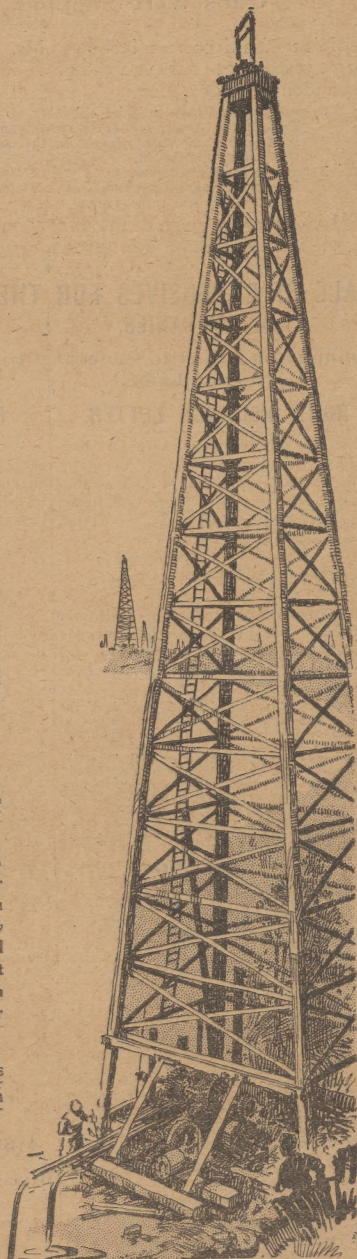
Under the Mutual Participation Plan which has been introduced by the Cambrian Trust Ltd., these Oil fortunes may now be shared by *anyone, anywhere*, who possesses the pluck to speculate a matter of five pounds. It gives you the opportunity of your lifetime! It is your great golden chance; an enthralling enterprise; better than any Calcutta sweepstake, for you get real value all the way, right from the start. The plan makes you the actual *property owner* in rich Arkansas, with a 50% participating interest in the production of any Oil derived therefrom. Arkansas is one of the most recent and important Oil discoveries of America. It has made new Oil history, and the property being operated by the Cambrian Trust lies within the coastal plain region where conditions are more favourable than elsewhere in the State for the accumulation of Oil and Natural Gas.

Read the facts. Send for copy of the "OIL LAND REVIEW," which gives official proof and actual camera evidence. Fill in and post the request form below, to:—

**POST
COUPON
TO-DAY**

The CAMBRIAN TRUST, LTD.
29, Regent Street, London, S.W.1

This Is Your Opportunity—Investigate It.



Cut along this line

**POST To The Cambrian Trust Ltd.,
TO-DAY 29, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.**

Dear Sirs,—I am interested in the Arkansas Oil Land development, and without incurring any obligation on my part whatsoever, I would like you to forward me copy of the "OIL LAND REVIEW," explaining how a £5 speculation will make me the legal owner of a highly valuable plot of oil land, with a 50% participating interest in the production of any oil derived therefrom.

Name.....

Address.....

Date of posting..... D.Mr.

PORTRAITS IN TO-DAY'S NEWS



Constable Albert Legg, of the Metropolitan Police, who showed considerable pluck in stopping a runaway horse in Blackfriars-road. (Daily Mirror photograph.)



Rear-Admiral Hugh D. R. Watson has been appointed Rear-Admiral of the 4th Battle Squadron, Mediterranean Fleet in succession to Rear-Admiral J. D. Kelly.



TO FALLEN HEROES.—The memorial in Anfield Cemetery, Liverpool, to all fallen soldiers buried in the city and, standing at its foot, the Lord Mayor, Mr. F. C. Wilson, who unveiled it. (Daily Mirror.)



A PAIR OF COUNTRY BEAUTIES.—Miss Nightingale, chairman of the Young Farmers' Club, with the beautiful British Friesian calf, which it is to be her pleasure and profit to rear.

COUNTRYWOMEN'S FOLK DANCE ON OAK APPLE DAY



Elderly villagers of Wishford, Wilts, give a folk dance on the village green.



Bringing home the green wood, which may be cut only on Oak Apple Day.



Women with bundles of "snap wood." This they may gather all the year.



Villagers decorating their cottages with oak branches and the Union Jack.

On Oak Apple Day every year the villagers of Wishford, near Salisbury, celebrate with quaint and ancient ceremonial their rights granted by charter of gathering wood from Grovely Woods, a mile or two away. The day ends with dances and "catching the greasy pig." (Daily Mirror photographs.)



Buy your Milk by the Pound—Use it by the Spoonful.

"Baby's such a happy little chap. Just because his food always agrees with him. 'There is no better food for baby than milk—just milk, not patent 'preparations.' But it must be clean milk. Milk free from those disease-carrying bacteria: milk with all the essential life-giving, health-producing properties retained. That is why baby was brought up on Milkal. And it's so convenient to use, too; mixes readily with cold or hot water."

MILKAL NURSERY MILK
THE CLEAN MILK FULL CREAM

Straight from Devon in a Tin

1lb. SIZE **3/6** 1lb. SIZE **1/9½**

A DAIRY IN EVERY HOME

Milkal Nursery Milk is just milk without the water, and therefore you get it in the most convenient form—dried milk in a tin.

Sold by Chemists,
Dairymen, Grocers, etc.

Distributed and Recommended by
The necessity for clean milk is universally acknowledged. J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., after the most searching investigations, believe they are now introducing the solution to one of the most urgent domestic problems of the day.

J. LYONS & Co., Ltd., CADBY HALL,

LONDON, W.

Produced and Packed in Devon by
Dried Milk Dairy Products,
Ltd., London and Devonshire.

MILKAL HOUSEHOLD MILK
THE CLEAN MILK *Straight from Devon in a Tin*

1lb. SIZE **1/6** 1lb. SIZE **9½d.**
(makes a gallon) (makes 2 qts.)

A DAIRY IN EVERY HOME

Milkal Household Milk, when you mix it with cold or hot water, is liquid milk again. Indistinguishable from cow's milk in TASTE.

Sold by Chemists,
Dairymen, Grocers, etc.

Shields through the ages



No. 13
THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD

The old grey ramparts of the Tower once shielded the King's Bodyguard, who, armed with their "partisans," were ever ready to defend the life of the King.

The people's "Bodyguard" has no partisans, being within the reach of

all classes. By warding off dirt and disease from every home in the kingdom it is perpetually defending the lives of the people.

THE PROTECTOR OF HEALTH
Bodyguard Soap

B.G. 24-10

WILLIAM GOSSAGE & SONS LIMITED, WIDNES, ENGLAND

Meltis CHOCOLATE
"melts in the mouth"

Make your sauce "pay for itself"

IF your bottle of sauce is 'done in no time' it's a waste, but if it lasts for weeks and weeks, making meals better, brighter, more flavoury all the time, it's a saving.

Yorkshire Relish

is a wonderfully 'saving' sauce—every bottle contains its full 2,400 drops (soon your grocer will be showing you our machinery for ensuring that) and a single bottle will last a healthy, hungry family through scores of meals.

Yorkshire Relish stops all meat waste, and the meals do greater good, so your 9d. is returned to you many, many times over.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., :: LEEDS

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L LONDON.—Exhilarating Air, Briny Breezes; Pier Orchestra twice daily; all Amusements in full swing.—Guide and List free.—D. M., Town Hall.
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RHYL.—Comfortable apartments, terms moderate; min. sea; send stamp.—Mason, 27, Aquarium-street.

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Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
FREE CHURCH TOURING GUIDE.
107, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.
25 5 BRIDGE, YPRES, ZEEBRUGGE.
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BELGIAN SEA-COAST HOLIDAY.
INCLUDING RAIL & 14 DAYS HOTELS.
AT HEYST-SUR-MER, GREAT BATHING RESORT.
TOUR INCLUDES three Excursions.—1, Brugge; 2, Zeebrugge, for the Mole; 3, Newport, for Bantelstede.
38 8 LAKE OF LUGERNE OR CLARENS.
ROME, FLORENCE AND VENICE TOUR.
27 0 INCLUDING RAIL & 16 DAYS HOTELS.
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, 64 PAGES, POST FREE.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1923.

"SUPERCILIOUS."

DO differences in manners separate nations more than their perpetual political divergences?

A celebrated American novelist, professedly anxious to "love England," has told us that he is often "put off" by our "superciliousness."

It is an old charge. We do not know that we are supercilious. We don't do it on purpose. But apparently our manner with the foreigner is "superior." He resents it. America resents it especially.

This is a small thing, though, surely, to stand between great nations who could do so much for the world, were they united in sympathy! If indeed we have that superior manner we must learn to modify it. In most cases it is one of the effects of a shyness which shows itself in various ways with various peoples. In fact, superciliousness may be only diffidence in disguise. For, after all, the Englishman of to-day—after many trials and much suffering—is not at heart so haughty, so self-satisfied, as his forefathers were in days when we were in the van of competition, rulers of the world's trade, and chief exponents of modern industrial "progress."

However that may be, it is odd that those nations who resent our loftiness of manner never seem to be aware that they, too, in their more tactless representatives, often give the impression that they despise all countries but their own.

Who, for example, has not met the travelling American whose main task in conversation appears to be to tell us how little he thinks of our funny "has-been" country? We do not—or we must not—take him seriously. He thereupon accuses us of superciliousness!

Let him reflect that it's only our way of indicating that we don't want to make odious comparisons. Every nation is the best in its own eyes. That is patriotism. You cannot argue about it.

CARICATURES.

SEVERAL critics have explained that certain erudites, or cruelties, in Mr. Max Beerbohm's latest series of caricatures are to be accounted for by the fact that he "has lived so long out of England."

This sounds a little rude to the charming land where Max has so long resided. But it only means, apparently, that the art of the Continental caricaturist is deliberately personal in its attack.

This distinction did not always prevail. Rowlandson and his English imitators were as "nasty" as Daumier in France, or Forain, occasionally, to-day. Later the savage thrust became blunter in this country; just as, in politics, violence of abuse gave way to a more guarded irony.

In general, however, the art of the caricaturist is dangerous to the artist.

At heart, nobody likes to see himself made ridiculous. We like cartoons about other people. If we buy those of ourselves it is often only that we may suppress them.

Max has perhaps forgotten then that in England certain sanctities are placed by our conventions beyond the reach of the satirist. Religion is one of them. Royalty is another.

He should return to a habit that used to protect him from mishaps. He should circulate his too daring cartoons, as Shakespeare did his sonnets, "amongst his private friends," and keep only his gentler satire for the public. Then he would not have to congratulate himself that he *does* live in Italy—safe from the retaliation of his victims.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Manners in Parliament—Our Disappointing Summers—Pleasures of Cycling—Dog Fares—Theatrical Troubles.

TALK ABOUT SPORT.

THERE is not much harm in young men talking about sport—even if at times it does rather interfere with business amongst the young people of the office.

Sport is, after all, a health-giving occupation. It is much better than talking about silly love affairs.

Pall Mall, S.W.

AN EMPLOYER.

SILLY JOKES.

CAN nothing be done to keep the more childish members of the Labour Party from their idiotic habit of interrupting with silly jokes, and singing during divisions, or otherwise behaving as foolish schoolboys?

Speaking of the late Lord Chaplin, you say that Parliament has small manners nowadays. Whose fault is this?

For years we have the Irish Party with their

WAS IT ALWAYS SO?

SURELY it is strange that nobody can give us an explanation of the collapse of our summers.

Was it always so? And, if it was, why do we read so much in books about the beauties of May and June.

SHIVERING.

GREATER EXPENSE.

I THINK a reason for the falling off in attendance at the theatres is this—

The public in recent years are living (like myself, an old theatre-goer) further out of town, in an eight to twelve miles radius; whereas in the old days people lived nearer town. It then cost only a few pence to get to a theatre; to-day one has an hour's travelling to get home.

There is, therefore, the cost of travelling with members of the family, and the extra cost of theatres (5s., at least, per head). For these

SUMMER FASHIONS AND THE ENGLISH CLIMATE.

HOW STRANGE IT IS THAT DESIGNERS OF FASHIONS SEEM TO THINK ENGLAND IS LIKE THIS—



WHEREAS, OF COURSE, WE KNOW IT TO BE MORE LIKE THIS—



THEREFORE, WHY NOT CONCENTRATE ON DESIGNS FOR UMBRELLAS INSTEAD OF HATS?



Why not concentrate a little more on protection from rain, instead of from the sun we so rarely see?

obstructive methods, to bring discredit on our institutions. Now we have the schoolboy tomfoolery of the Labour "wild men," who do not in the least represent the workers, as far as manners go.

STRANGERS' GALLERY.

"TAKE YOUR DOG."

MANY thousands of your readers will much appreciate your excellent article urging the railway companies to reduce the fares for dogs.

Not only would it be a financial gain to them, but a kind consideration due to our four-footed friends, whose faithfulness and devotion are often an object lesson to us.

How often we hear of a dog seeking out the grave of its master or mistress, and lying down on it to die, sooner than be parted from one they love. There must be many kind-hearted directors of railways who can realise the agony some of these faithful four-footed companions suffer at being parted from their children playmates. All dog-lovers hope that you will continue your appeal on behalf of the friends of man.

H. W.

Kingston-on-Thames.

WAIT TILL THE BUS STOPS.

JUMPING on and off a bus or train while it is moving should be made impossible by barriers across the platform.

In New York this is done, passengers being unable to get off the train until its doors dead, and on some underground trains the doors will not open before the train stops.

A. T.

reasons we find so many women at the matinee performances. They can come to town for shopping in the morning, theatre in the afternoon, tea at a popular café, and get home for dinner in the evening.

S. E.

IN PRAISE OF CYCLING.

MY experience has been different to that of "Former Cyclist." After fifteen years abroad in a non-cycling country I returned to England and the bicycle (not push-bike, please) three years ago.

At forty years of age, in company with my wife and youngster of thirteen, I am doing fifty miles or so every Sunday on the cycle, to say nothing of little jaunts of anywhere from 150 to 300 miles on the longer holidays when we tour the country.

After pottering among the by-ways of Essex on our Sunday runs, we enjoy nothing better than to join the fast-moving stream of traffic on the Epping road on our return journey, and we fear no moving vehicles; in fact, we find the majority of motor drivers most considerate.

We are not physical culture cranks, but just people of very ordinary powers. Thanks to cycling, I am enjoying better health now than I have for years past, and getting a great deal of enjoyment at a very low figure.

AGAIN A CYCLIST.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Charm's strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—Pope.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS IN BOHEMIA.

SIDELIGHTS ON A FAMOUS LONDON CLUB.

By W. H. BROOKS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SAVAGE. By Edwin A. Ward. (Herbert Jenkins. 18s. net.) Published to-day.

FEW auto-biographies have contained such a wealth of good stories about famous men as this brightly-written book.

Mr. Edwin Ward takes us right into the Kraal of the artistic and exclusive circle known as the Savage Club, and he introduces to us member after member whose names are household words in the realms of art and letters.

An alluring retreat is this home of the Savages! Once through the friendly portals of the well-known house in the Adelphi and you join a community where Mr. Ward assures us absolute equality reigns and where "famous or neglected, rich or poor, shabby or elegant, you hang up your halo with your hat in the hall."

One thing Mr. Ward makes perfectly clear and that is that "Bohemia is only dangerous to people who are able to afford to make an occupation of what is intended to be merely a relaxation."

"All the best Savages I have known during thirty-four years of membership," he says, "have been distinguished in art, science, literature, music or the drama, and if they knew how to play they knew also how to work. They were vigorous people who ate well, drank well and stuck to their job."

A STORY OF PHIL MAY.

Delightfully funny are some of the stories which Mr. Ward tells of men like E. J. Odell and Phil May.

One night Odell undertook the delicate and difficult task of taking May home in a cab to Maida Vale.

Having deposited his very drowsy charge on a sofa in the hall, Odell, who had not the wherewithal to charter a cab for the return journey, tramped back to the club, comforted by the thought that he had rendered a service to an old friend.

When Odell arrived at his destination, however, he was amazed to find Phil May standing at the bar with glass in hand and flushed with the joy of having defeated the designs of his Good Samaritan by rushing back in a cab while poor Odell was tramping.

It is not always a case of careless days and sunshine in Bohemia, however. Mr. Ward gives us both the tragic and the light side of an artist's life, and, of course, he must show us Chelms, the habitation of famous folk with a following in art and letters.

It was at Chelms that Frank Mills discovered Sally Higgs, one of the most beautiful artists' models of her day.

Her mother sold flowers near Victoria Station, but "the fairest bloom in her basket, with a wild beauty all her own, was the sweet, bare-footed child who trotted by her side and hawked violets."

Transplanted into a studio in Tite-street, she was petted and spoiled. Leighton, Marcus Stone and Britten each painted this wonder child with "the great eyes and the halo of gold that framed her flower-like face."

An Eton boy married her; years afterwards her husband inherited a big fortune, but the air was charged with domestic trouble, and they parted. What became of Sally no one ever knew.

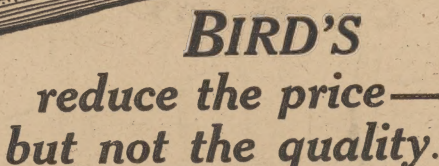
KEEP

your eye on that cut or bruise lest it take bad ways! You can avoid the risk of blood-poisoning and skin disease by cleansing and healing the wound at once with

Zam-Buk

This real skin medicine and healer is of unique herbal origin and is more far-reaching than, and quite different from, any other preparation. Insist upon having Zam-Buk and keep a box always

HANDY



These standards, followed for nearly 90 years, have made Bird's what it is. Bird's is known everywhere as the "pure" and the "nutritious" Custard.

The bright silvered boxes (now 1/1 and 6 1/2 d.) in which Bird's Custard has been packed for nearly 90 years, illustrate the quaint and pleasing taste of past generations — glistening silver, symbol of quality and sterling worth! Through these long years Bird's Custard — unchanged in excellence and purity — has been sold in its dainty silver boxes.

With stewed prunes or rhubarb, tinned or bottled fruit, Bird's Custard provides a dish welcomed by everyone.

Served hot, as a sauce, with any sweet, Bird's brightens even the simplest meal, and transforms a plain pudding into a delightful treat.

With Bird's Custard at hand you are always prepared for mealtime emergencies.

To-day's prices for all sizes of Bird's Custard:

Tins 1/6: silvered boxes 1/1 and 6½d.; pkts. 1½d.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

[illegible]

ADY's essays Featherweight Mackintosh, never worn; accept 21s.; approval.—Nurse, Gorton-d, Coventry.

REAL Nary Sarge, ss. 111d, 2d, ed. 2s. 111d. rd.

REAL Harris Tweeds for Sports wear; hand-woven, less in wear, and wonderfully good-looking; latest styles, 10s. 111d. rd.

TO understand the Woman's Institute Method of teaching is to appreciate to the full the thoughtfulness and interest of the Woman's Institute of Domestic Science and Training. Dressmaking and Millinery is different from any other system hitherto worked out. These Courses are indeed Home Instruction lessons in the truest sense of the word. They are so planned that the student can grasp the meaning instantly and apply it step by step, so that she can do the work at once. The Courses, though, Home Training postal courses in Dressmaking and Millinery are fully described in a handsome, illustrated Catalogue, which is sent free of charge. It is the only postage and any obligation.—Woman's Institute of Domestic Science and Training, 10, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

WGS and Coverings for semi or complete formal dress. Tapestries, tails, curls and every description of ornamental hair work for fashion or convenience. Illustrations, cost, material, and time. Write to—Miss W. H. Smith, 10, Kingsway, W.C.2.

MARKETING BY POST.
Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
CANNED Fruits in Syrup.—Bargain Offer: 24. 2½ tins
Peaches, Pears, Pines, Apricots, Plums, asstd. to order,
c.p. 25s. Eng. and Wales; 4 sample tins post free—5s.—
Tumbles, Importers, Thornton Heath, S.E.

AVIARIES, POULTRY, AND PETS.
Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2-lines.
PARROTS and Cages from 40s.; 3 months' trial; list
free.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court-road, London.

RATE, £2, 6d, per line; minimum, 2 lines
A RTIST—Earn big money if you sketch; stamp for booklet.
ARTISTS' CLUB—Painting lessons by day or evening.
QUEEN'S HALL ARTIST and Teacher with West End
 free trial; write—Concerts, 10, Park Avenue, N.W.2.
LADIES for knitting hampers at home—London.
TELETYPE WRITING—Learn to type—Barnsbury, W.C.2.
TU TO Parents and Guardians—The London Telegraph
 has been writing telegrams for over 20 years. Now we teach
 Telegraphy; youths from 16 upwards trained for these
 services and the Army, Navy, Police, etc.
TURN SHIP, D.M., 262, Earl's Court Rd. S.W.3.
TURN SHIP Time into Money—sell Cutlery; huge profits;
 no stock; no experience needed.
WEEKLY earned, easy homework plan, no canvass-
 ing; stamps stamped envelope—Deas, D.M., Dept.
 ham-d, Sheffield.

TO £5 per Week can be earned, no outfit; beautiful
 work; no experience; no canvassing; no stock; no agents;
 active agents; either sex, whole or spare time; elegant
 material; no advertising; no travelling; Art Stationer,
 69, Bk-knair-st, Manchester.

RATE. 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

JEWELLERY. **RATINGS** (old) Bought at 20 per cent. more than other firms; no misleading prices; call or post The London Tooth Co., Dept. P.D., 53, Baker-st., W.1.

A SURED, up to 8s. per tooth plated on vulcanite, 12s. on silver, 15s. on gold, £2 on platinum; cash or order by return; if offer not accepted parcel returned post free.

JEWELLERS. **W. H. BAKER**, 53, Baker-st., W.1. Cams and Co., 69a, Market-st., Manchester. Estd. 1850.

D IAMONDS, Emeralds, Pearls, Opals, etc. Purchased for cash, 45 to 50 per cent. above market value. Call or post, The London Tooth Co., Ltd., Diamond and Pearl Merchants, 16 and 17, Piccadilly, W. 1. and 5, 6 and 7, King-st., St. James', London, S.W. 1. Est. 1772.

Rate 1s. per word (minimum 8s.); name and address must

be sent. Trade adverts. 1s. 6d. per word.

SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Grosvenor-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W. 2. M. Tu. Th. F.

COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror" may be purchased at the usual prices on application to the office.

GREY Hairs—Touch up the first ones with Tatcho-Tone; trial phial 8d.—Tatcho-Tone, 5, Great Queen-st, W.C.

COMPLEXIONS permanently tinted; Moles, Crude Tattoos removed.—Burchett, 72, Waterloo-rd, London.

SEE the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate.

ADELPHI—Nightly, at 8.15. Mat., Wed. and Sat., 2.50.
BATTLING BUTLER, Jack Buchanan, Phyllis Thumpe.
ALHAMBRA—Nightly, at 8.30. 8.15. **TONS OF MONEY**
Wed. Thurs. 2.30. **Yvonne Arnaud**, T. Walls, R. Lynn.
ALHAMBRA—Ger. 6044. Daily, 2.50, 6.10 and 8.45.
THE SECRET OF THE SHERIDAN, J. M. Kerr.
AMBASSADORS—Nightly, at 8.15. **THE PICCADILLY PURITAN**
Nightly, at 8.45. Matinee To-morrow, Friday, at 2.45.
APOLLO—WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, by J. M. Kerr.
Nightly, at 8.15. Matinee, To, 2.45. **THE SECRET**.
COMEDY—Every Evening, at 8.30. **THE SECRET**.
Fay Compton, Leon Quartermaine. Tues and Fri, 2.30.
COURT—Ger. 848. Sat., 8.15. Mat. Thurs. 2.50.
THE SECRET. Daily, at 8.15. **THE SECRET**.
COVENT GARDEN—British National Opera Co. To-night
7.45. Aida, Fri, 8.30. Boheme (Melba and Hislop)
ORDERED—8 prompts. To-night, 8.15. **THE SECRET**.
LAUREL—Nightly, at 8.15. **THE SECRET**. 2.30.

DALY'S — **THE MERRY WIDOW**
Nightly at 8:15. (Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)
DRURY LANE — (Ger. 2589-9.)
2:15. **NED KEE OF OLD DRURY**. Last Week.
DUKE OF YORK'S — **HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND**
8:30. (Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.) (Ger. 151-2.)
EMPIRE — **EGGS**. 8:30. Mon. (Th. except-to-day). Sat. 2:30.
"THE RAINBOW". Daphne Pugh, Tobby Edlin, etc.
8:30. (Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)
MAJESTY — **THE WALTZ**
Mats. Tue. Th. 2:30. (Last 12 Performances.)
GARRICK — (Ger. 9513.) 8:30. Wed. Sat. 2:30. **Partners**
in Crime. Potash and Perlman in a Motor Car.
GLOBE — 8:20. Every 5. (Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:20.)
The Voice Outside.
Followed at 9 (Evgs.) 5 (Mats.) by "Agent We All"
HAYMARKET — **ISABEL**. Edna and Edna. 8:15.
8:15. (Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)
HIS MAJESTY'S — 8:30. Wed. Sat. 2:30. **HENRY AINLE**

In drinks only. 12.30 and 8.15. **BRIGHTER LONDON**
 HIPPOLYTE, 12.30 and 8.15. Billy Merson, Lupino Lane, Paul Whitman and Band.
LITTLE (Regeant 2401), 8.15. **THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE**
 Evelyn 9.15, Matt, Mon, Th, 2.15, 8.15. Red, Mat, Friced.
LYGUNE, 8.15, 10.15, 7.45, 8.15. Thurs, 8.15. **THE**
Lytic of Temptation. 7s. 6d. to 8d. (Ger. 7617).
LYRIC—Ergs. 8.15, Wed, Sat, 2.15. **LILAC TIME**.
 A Play with Music by Schubert. 8.15. **THE**
LYRIC RAMMIE—8.15. **THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S OPERA**.
 Nightly, at 8.15. Mats, Wed and Sat, at 2.30.
MASKELYNE AND THEATRE, near Oxford Circus, 3 and 4
 EASTERN and WESTERN. 8.15. **THE**
 NIGHT 1466. **M. HESON LANG** in **THE B**

PALACE. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. (Last 10 Perfs.)
 Irving Berlin's **MUSIC BOX REVUE.**
 Night, 8.20. Mat., Tues, Thurs, Sat, 2.50.

PLAYHOUSE. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mat., Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
 The **COOPER**. MAGDA.

PRINCE OF WALES. (Gerr 7482) 8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30.
 The **COOPER**. MAGDA.

QUEEN'S BLUEBEARD'S 8th WIFE. 2.30, 8.30, Thurs
 Sat 2.30. Madge Titherage, Norman McKinnel.

REGENT. King's X (Museum 5180). **THE INSECT**
 To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mat., Thurs and Sat, 2.30.

ROYALTY. (Gerr 3855). Ergs. 8.30. AT MRS. BEAM.
 Dennis Eadie, Jean Cadell. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30.

SAVY—2.30. **PICT CHATHAM**—LILIAN DAVIES.
SCALA—Mus. 6010. 8.30. - Mats. Weds; Thurs, Sat.
2.30. **THE MARIONETTE PLAYERS**.
ST. JAMES—To-night, at 8.30. **THE OUTSIDER**
and **THE JUDAS KISS**—Fri. and Fri. 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S—Evs. 8.30. **R.U.R.** Mat. Fri. Sat. 2.30.
"The talk of the town."—Morning Post.
SHAFESBURY—Evenings, at 8.30. **STOP FLIRTING**
and **MUSICAL FANTASIES**—Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
STRAND—At 8.30 Wed. Sat. 2.30. **Pauline Lord**
O'Neill—"ANNA CHRISTIE." G. Marion, F. Shannan
and **THE WIFE**—Fri. and Sat. 2.30.
Charles L. Byrne, Alfred Lester, Gertrude Lawrence.

[illegible]

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Mr. J. H. Roberts, to play the part of an old vicar in "Lilies of the Field" at the Ambassadors Theatre.



Mrs. John Drinkwater, wife of the author, whose "Oliver Cromwell" is now on at His Majesty's Theatre.

THE FIRST COURT.

The Moral of "Max"—History-Lesson Drama—Film Star Arrives.

LADY CURZON, in her capacity as wife of the Foreign Secretary, was one of the busiest of those engaged at last night's Court, as she had to present all those foreign ladies of the Diplomatic Corps who had not been there before, and Mrs. Baldwin had a similar "job," as the wife of the new Prime Minister. Lady Sykes was to have done it, as Mr. Bonar Law's daughter, but, naturally, her presentations last night devolved on Mrs. Baldwin.

Premier's Daughters.

Mrs. Baldwin was accompanied by three of her daughters—Mrs. Huntington Whiteley, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Howard and Miss Betty Baldwin. They all had some gold lace somewhere on their dresses, which were otherwise all made quite differently.

Lord Plunket's Lady.

Among those at the Palace last night was the beautiful Lady Plunket, who was presented "on her marriage" to Lord Plunket. This marriage was one of the interesting social events of 1922. Lady Plunket is a daughter of Miss Fanny Ward, the actress, and was formerly married to Mr. Jack Barnato, son of the South African millionaire, Barney Barnato. She is said to have a fortune approaching £900,000. She is twenty-two and Lord Plunket is twenty-four.

Countess of Ancaster's Pearls.

The Countess of Ancaster wore all her big pearls at the dance at Eresby House on Tuesday, and nothing could have been a better background than the dress of black velvet. The ballroom got very crowded—which pleased Lady Carisbrooke very much, as it meant so much money for her pet charity, the Friends of the Poor. Sir Robert Horne looked in quite late, and Sir "Cis" Bingham was another of the men there whom one does not generally see at these things.

The New Prime Minister—

Mr. Baldwin is setting an excellent example to the House of Commons by his regularity of attendance. He remained on duty during the fifteen hours' sitting which terminated at ten minutes past six yesterday morning, and returned to the Treasury Bench in the afternoon looking as bright as the proverbial new pin.

—And the Man in the Street.

The Premier has not yet become a familiar figure to the man in the street. I caught a glimpse of Mr. Baldwin in Whitehall yesterday. Yet scarcely a single person in this busy thoroughfare recognised in the quietly dressed, silk-hatted passer-by the Prime Minister of England.

Political Hostesses.

There are a number of pretty young political hostesses this season. One of them is Lady Eustace Percy, who divides her time between Hastings and London. As a hobby she does excellent lacquer work. Lady de Trafford will not be a hostess this season owing to the death of her mother, Mrs. Franklin. Lady de Trafford has one unmarried sister, and her only brother married Lady Edith Curzon, one of Lord Howe's sisters.

Frinton Again.

People are already making plans for "after the season," and Frinton-on-Sea appears to hold its own in point of popularity. Mrs. Winston Churchill, who did a lot of entertaining there last summer, may go again, and Mrs. Dudley Ward also contemplates taking a house there.



Lady Eustace Percy.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

A Vision?

Lord Birkenhead looked in the pink of health at the Mansion House yesterday afternoon. In aid of the Air League's appeal, he pictured London destroyed in twelve hours, using almost every art of the orator to enforce his point.

Savoy Nights.

The most vivid touch in his speech was the story of how General Smuts and himself sat up many a night at the Savoy Hotel watching the enemy's Zepps and aeroplanes attacking the capital!

The New "Cromwell."

In "Oliver Cromwell" Mr. John Drinkwater gives us another history lesson. His Majesty's Theatre makes a spacious schoolroom, possessing amenities which many educational establishments lack. But there will be those who think that the master is throwing a good deal of dust in our young eyes. Was the Protector so nice a man as Mr. Drinkwater makes him? Was he really a believer in the Monarchy and did he prophesy that it would speedily return? Was he "fond of a drop" and could he recite the Psalms with the voice of an angel?

By Way of Contrast!

Mr. John Drinkwater is one of the authors—Mr. Eden Phillpotts is another—who have begun life as clerks in insurance offices. His father is said to have put him into the insurance office in order to discourage his taste for the theatre. He wrote poems and plays in his spare time, however, married an actress and eventually became co-founder of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

Mirthquakes.

The film industry has not produced a really good, humorous film for a considerable time. Chaplin has been very quiet, and Harold Lloyd, whom American "picture fans" are claiming as his successor, has hitherto just missed making an outstanding picture. His latest effort, "Safety Last," is, however, one of the best "mirthquakes." Los Angeles has sent us.



Mr. Harold Lloyd.

Set a Fashion.

Lloyd, who made "horn-rimmed spectacles" fashionable, has been seven years rising to stardom. He has a distinctive personality, and also possesses the priceless gift of originality. In "Safety Last" we have an exceptional film, which, owing to the chaotic system prevailing in the film business, cannot be seen in public until January!

Film Congestion.

I am often asked why picture-goers have to wait such a long time before films are released for general exhibition. It used to be said that the congestion was due to block-booking during the war. It is now nearly five years since hostilities ceased, but cinema proprietors still have their programmes booked for months ahead, in many cases with films of very mediocre quality. The remedy is free trade in films.

"Idler" Days.

The "Contributors' Club" of Mr. J. Middleton Murry's new magazine is really a revival of an old idea. The "Idlers' Club" was one of the characteristic features of the "Idler," founded by Messrs. Jerome, Robert Barr and John Oxenham. Those who gossiped as members of the club included Andrew Lang, Henry Harland, Israel Zangwill, Barry Pain, Eden Phillpotts and Francis Gribble.

Plantation Artists.

Stanley Lupino is now completely restored after his accident, and London players are at last to have an opportunity of seeing the much-discussed negro artists from "The Plantation," New York. Mr. Cochran's long-promised revue, "Dover Street to Dixie," makes its bow at the Pavilion to-night.

Psychologists.

Girls are taking up psychology as a career though here again the Germans are getting busy, Berlin even now supplying psychologists to Belgium, and to Russia, too, where they would seem to be needed. Private practitioners have begun in London. I am told.

Cancer Research, Limited.

The medical men who are promoting a joint stock company for the promotion of cancer research may be congratulated on their happy thought. There can, of course, be no question of dividends; but the discovery of the cause and cure of this terrible and mysterious malady is everybody's business, and everybody should be willing to contribute his mite towards the cost.

Odd Eyes.

A Thornton Heath correspondent says the most singular case of odd eyes he ever came across was that of a schoolfellow of his. One of the boy's eyes was dark amber colour, the other eye was one-half dark amber the other half turquoise blue, the division being vertical. A Leicester reader tells me of a case of a man who has one dark blue eye and one light grey. The lashes on one lid are dark brown and on the other almost white.

Richmond Park Golf.

I hear that the Prince of Wales will open the Richmond Park public golf course on Saturday, June 9, when he will drive the first ball. The course will not be open for public play till the following Monday. Five-day annual playing tickets are being issued at three guineas, and play on Saturday and Sunday will be at the rate of 1s. 6d. per round.

Handel.

The book on Handel, which Mr. Newman Flower has taken four years to write, is out to-day. It shows the composer of "Messiah" to have been a simple and lovable man—even if he did occasionally steal a tune. His full name was George Frideric Handel—not "Frederic," as so many spell it.

New Music Play.

"Success," a new play by A. A. Milne, will be produced at the Haymarket on Ascot Day, June 21. It is a play of to-day and the first written by Mr. Milne since "The Truth About Blaydes."

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NEW WONDERS FOUND BY EXCAVATION AT POMPEII

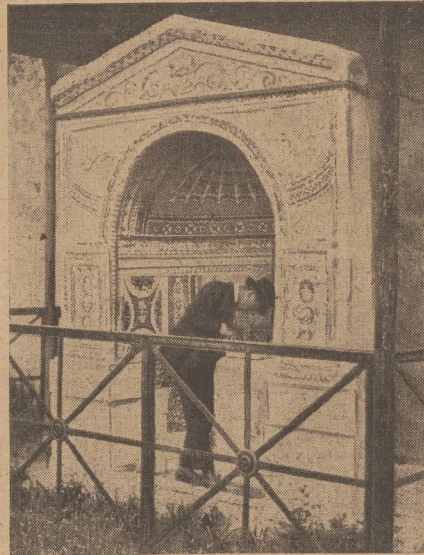
PHAROS-TRANQUIL



Left picture: A newly-discovered statue of Jupiter at Pompeii. Right: Huge bowls and jars found in the excavations.



THE CITY'S OLDEST OVENS.—The famous ovens at Birch's—the Cornhill restaurant founded in 1690—are not to be used any more, but are being preserved as interesting relics.



A workman replacing mosaic in a wonderful fountain.

The recent excavations by a new method of Professor Spinazzola at Pompeii have resulted in the discovery of ancient houses and monuments almost complete.



DAME MELBA, M.P.?—Dame Nellie Melba, the famous prima donna, may shortly become a candidate for Parliament. She says it is too early to say anything definite, but, "After all, I can speak well and I have a few brains, you know."



The Rev. Dr. Wardle Stafford, of Newcastle, who will probably undertake a two years' ministry at Toronto.



TO KEEP MEMORY GREEN.—General Foreman, of the United States Army, laying wreaths on the graves of American soldiers at Brookwood Cemetery, near Woking. Yesterday was the day of commemoration of all American fallen.



The finish of yesterday's important Derby trial at 1 by a neck. Tranquil



Mr. Blackwell, the trainer, giving Sergeant Murphy, a Grand National fame, a "busman's holiday" watching the horses at work



Mrs. George Lambton (left), the Hon. George

A trial of great importance took place yesterday. Pharos, the colt, and Tranquil, the filly, went the full Derby. Pharos should run in the Derby and Tranquil should Newydd made the

DERBY TRIAL



market—the four-year-old Silurian beating Pharos two lengths behind.



ps, with Weston up, photographed just before trial. He was not, apparently, ridden right out at the finish of the gallop.



n and Lady Victoria Bullock on the Heath. market, when Lord Derby's pair, Pharos, the with Silurian. As a result, it was decided that kept over for the Oaks: Torlonia and Plas the first mile.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND LIFEBOATMEN



The Prince of Wales chatting with the Spurn Head lifeboat crew during his visit yesterday to Bradford, where he followed up his introduction to the steel industry at Sheffield by an insight into the preparation of wool.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



SHOREDITCH BLAZE.—Part of the damage done in Phipp-street, Shoreditch, yesterday, when about 150 firemen were engaged in quelling an outbreak at a cabinet-making works.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT.—Major Gnospelius (left), designer, and Mr. Lancaster Parker, pilot, with their 5-6-h.p. engine aeroplane, which, during trials at Lympne, travelled at sixty-five miles an hour at a height of 1,500ft., a performance that beats all previous records for flights made in a low-powered machine.



Major Halsey Maudslayi, who has ordered for the King's Prize at Bielefeld for the fiftieth time.



A PETS' HOSPITAL.—Left picture: Patients and their guardians in the waiting-room at the Animals' Hospital at Rotherhithe, where as out-patients the pets of poor people are treated free of charge. Right: A dog on the dentist's table about to have a tooth extracted. The institution is known as the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor.



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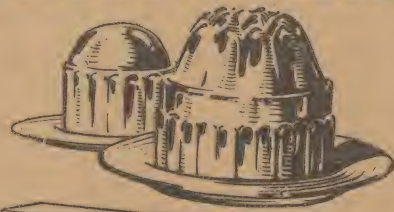
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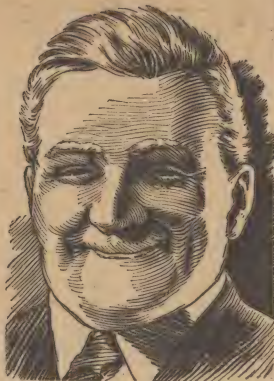
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Anna Land.

GIVING IS GAINING

ON the very day that King Garnet sailed, Anna was sitting with Lucia again in her rose-coloured bedroom, and Marie, with tearful eyes, came in and out to fetch the beautiful clothes from cupboard and wardrobe and a drawer to fill the trunks which she was packing in an adjoining room. The heavenly sun of a May day streamed through the open window, and also there entered, familiar and friendly, the thousand little sounds of the town.

The window-boxes were filled with rows of hyacinths, whose sweet, heavy smell stole to the two women within; there were roses, as usual—Vinghols'—on the dressing-table, a silver tray on the satin fender-stool, and a litter of invitation cards on Lucia's little rosewood desk in the corner.

Yet all was changed. Anna sat and looked at Lucia almost in awe. Lucia, who was at peace, from whose face the tired lines were smoothing away; whose eyes were restful, who said thankfully that she now slept at nights.

"Oh, Lucia," said Anna, fearful for Lucia as she was never fearful of herself, "are you sure?"

Lucia smiled.

"Are you sure, Anna hurried on, 'that you can do it—endure it for ever? That it isn't a phase, a respite, Lucia? You, who've so loved the world and all your toys, my dear, do you truly realise that you're giving up everything, for ever?"

"And gaining so much, Anna," said Lucia.

"When did you finally decide, my dear?"

"Yesterday," said Lucia. "I talked it all out with Father Bernard. I've been to see the Convent. I've talked with the Mother Superior. I've seen all they're doing, Anna. It isn't an inward life as thoughtless people suppose. It's an outward life. They visit the sick, they nurse and work and teach, and they give all they have to the poor—all things very new to me, dear. And I see they are splendid. If I learn to give enough I may even be splendid myself one day."

"Oh, Lucia, I shall lose you."

"No, no, my dear, never. We shall write to each other, think of each other, see each other sometimes. I shan't be idling here, with nothing to do, and nowhere to go except to people who don't really want me. That'll be all the difference."

"You've loved clothes so much, Lucia—"

"All mine are going to a private society which will distribute them to young actresses who are very new up and yet must make a good appearance. It's the best way to dispose of them. I have some lovely things, Anna."

"Oh, Lucia?"

"Is there anything at all that you would like, Anna, before I sell my jewellery?"

"Nothing at all, darling."

"I bring all my money to the convent, of course. At last, it will be used beautifully to the last penny."

"Have you told anyone, Lucia?"

Lucia shook her head. "Whom have I to tell, Anna? Nobody cares but you."

"Lord Vinghols, perhaps."

"He does not care," said Lucia with a smile.

"Marie cares, Lucia," Anna said quickly, thinking of the Frenchwoman's tearful eyes.

"She loses a good job, my dear."

Anna held Lucia's hand in a long silence.

Then: "Lucia, when?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow, Lucia? So very soon?"

"To-morrow I enter the novitiate, and in a year's time I take the veil. My way is all just carved out for me, now, Anna, and I haven't a thought, a wish, a sorrow or a struggle. That is how the Mother Superior explained it all to me."

"You will just serve," she said. The most marvellous and simple answer."

Anna got up and paced the room. She looked into the other room, where sullenly Marie was packing lovely gowns after lovely gowns; and cascades of chiffons, lingerings hung about everywhere, on chair-backs and couch.

"It is like death," she said, coming back.

Lucia sat still in her usual chair, her usual rose-silk pillows behind her.

"It is life, Lucia."

"Have you truly thought carefully enough, Lucia?"

Lucia nodded.

"Several times in my life, Anna, I've known a woman do much of the same thing with a religious order, and lose herself so that her world never found her again. And I've smiled with the others and said: 'Poor Dolores'—there was one called Dolores; or 'Poor Maria'—I remember a girl, a Maria King, like that. She's awfully embittered," he said. "How sad?"

"We didn't know, my dear, we didn't know. I don't know now all that I shall know by and by. But the greatest decision you can make could not possibly be bitter nor sad."

"There is something glorious about it; privately glorious, that one feels in one's own heart. Giving all one has to give is surely worth doing. Sell all thou hast and give to the poor!"

On a note of rapture Lucia's voice died.

Anna went to her and knelt beside her.

"This is good-bye, then, Lucia, for a long time. I go next week."

"You're going to sing in Rome, in Milan, in Berlin?"

"Paris, Anna, in opera, under Marini."

"I have a year's contract abroad, Lucia. Then I come back to London to sing at Covent Garden."

"All you ever wanted," said Lucia, with a dreaming smile. "Take it, Anna, and be very happy. Be as happy as I am. You can't be more."

And she whispered "Good-bye" like an Angel.

THE PRETENDERS.

ON the day that King Garnet left England, and Lucia and Anna had that farewell talk in the little incense-filled house, Silver Garnet sat at tea in Mabel Conway's drawing-room.

Mrs. Garnet had received, with regretful protestation, his promise of a thousand a year allowance, and had gone away to rest before dinner. But still Lady Mabel and Silver sat on in the long green room, with tea-cups between them.

Silver admired Mabel extremely, she was so wonderful in that she believed all he said.

She believed in him, at his bidding, as much as he believed in himself. She was satisfying. And she listened. She was going to be a countess in her own right—when the tuberculous brother died—and yet she listened, with interest, to Silver Garnet talking about himself.

It confirmed him in his view that Silver Garnet was a pretty big man, and a great lion of a powerful lion; or how could he so mesmerise such a little aristocrat?

"I'm going into the City," he said. "I intend to make money. I know some people would say I have plenty, and I suppose I have, for an

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unambitious man. But I am not an unambitious man, and in my poor opinion money should produce money. That's what it's for.

"I will tell you between ourselves, I am going in for copper. A short while ago I nearly went into another big thing, but circumstances arose, and I didn't. When I say 'circumstances' I mean events, of course. I think I could surprise you, dear lady, if I were to tell you a few tales about that. In fact, I'm sure I could surprise you. . . . Fact is, I mustn't tell. I'm not a talker."

"But copper . . . you may take it from me the copper is shortly going to be about the biggest boom in copper that has been known for years. However, I mustn't bore you with business things that you can't possibly understand. Tell me, what do you like doing?"

"I think I like everything," said Lady Mabel vaguely. And indeed she did.

"I like to hear a woman say so," Silver announced, "quite a relief in these days when women have so many fads and fancies. Most women make so many demands and complaints if everything doesn't just suit them."

He was nursing wrath against Anna, but Mabel did not know that. "Fond of dancing, eh?"

"Oh, very," she assented.

"Good," said Silver. "You must dance with me one night, will you?"

"I'll be charmed."

"Reck it a pole, of course?"

He had been taking anxious steps towards becoming a member of Ranelagh and Hurlingham.

"I try to see all the pole," said Lady Mabel in the tone of one hardly practising a virtue.

"Good!" Silver announced again. "Must let me drive you down; you and Mrs. Garnet, eh?"

"We'll be charmed one day," said Lady Mabel.

"She staying with you all the sum—all the season, eh?"

"I hope so," said little Mabel, turning her eyes up to Silver's pleased face. "I am so fond of her."

"I hope you'll allow me to call sometimes. Must look after my stepmother," Silver proceeded, more and more pleased.

He had already lunched here with the two women, and this afternoon he had called uninvited.

"Mabel replied, 'that we shall see a good deal of you.'"

"I shall take some shooting for the autumn, of course," said Silver. "You'll both have to come and stay with me, eh? She—she—knows a lot of people I suppose."

"Oh, of course," said Mabel.

"It isn't of course at all, my lady," Silver thought rather grimly. "I haven't collected many worth the trouble to go to."

But his mind, always heatedly ahead of his actions, already seized upon the idea of an autumn house party in Yorkshire—or Scotland; if copper behaved as he considered already would run a poor, with Lady Mabel Conway

and Mrs. Garnet picking and attracting desirable guests.

"Hunt at all?" he added.

"Oh, I couldn't miss a season!" said Lady Mabel.

"My word!" Silver thought, "she takes some keeping up with."

But he meant to keep up with her now he had found her; and, strangely enough, the more she talked, the more acquaintance, impressed upon him the more he respected and admired her.

She was now remarking, in that pretty, uncertain way of hers—

"Aren't you a Socialist, Mr. Garnet? I'm sure I've heard so."

Silver's eyes bulged a little.

"I have studied social problems quite a bit," he said rather heavily, "and in some ways my theories have at times coincided with the more advanced ideas on Socialism. But I'd only looked at things from one side then; now I've had opportunity of studying closely both sides; and it makes a difference."

"Some men won't change their views. Convince 'em they're wrong, they're ashamed to alter. I am not that sort of man, Lady Mabel."

I have delivered a good many addresses at all social meetings, and I have studied matters fair and square from both sides—after all, what is fair and square if that isn't?—and I say this: that Socialism's one-sided. Very. Out for personal advantages. It wouldn't work out. Never.

Never, never, Lady Mabel, would Socialism work out."

"Then," said Lady Mabel, "you won't be putting up for Labour at any of the by-elections, Mr. Garnet? I somehow imagined."

"No, a Labour candidate!" Silver cried.

"Dear lady, you haven't got my politics right at all. Let me tell you—"

At some length he told Lady Mabel, till dusk came, the green drawing-room, and the footman came to remove tea-cups, while Silver sat oblivious of time.

Lady Mabel listened. His restored earnestness, she felt, she loved; his own traditions she did not notice; his pressing attention warned the thin blood in her veins.

Few men sought out Mabel. She hung on Silver's words and decided to defend him against the barbed shafts which some few of her friends would direct at him.

Silver left at last, not so much because he was tired of talking, or because he thought Mabel would be tired of listening, but because he had a dinner appointment.

It was with Anna Land.

Anna and Silver had dined together at the Charlton. Ferrugi had come to compliment and congratulate and say a regretful "au revoir" to his beautiful singer. Many people bowed to her. Special flowers were on her table. She now shed a lustre on Silver rather than he shed lustre on her.

That situation did not altogether please him. At heart he had a little canker. True, he liked to be seen in public with important people, with aristocratic people, or with decorative women, and Anna was most decorative to-night; but he was sore at their respective positions thus falling into such allotment.

With Anna he had been the host and patron always, in his own mind. He still wished to be the patron. He would have liked to patronise protectively this beautiful thing.

And when he saw the glances of recognition and admiration the attention of a great Ferrugi, and noted that Anna was the attraction at his table rather than that romantic, impressive, dominating person, Silver Garnet, he suffered a slight shock of incredulous vexation.

The Charlton's special floral tribute to her angered him; he felt himself on the edge of a background which he certainly did not intend to occupy. Therefore he thundered and light-ninged—which he did with impunity these rich days. He raised his voice and insulted Ferrugi, he bullied every waiter literally within sight or hearing.

From Ferrugi the insults dropped as water from the oily back of a duck. He answered with phlegm. The waiters bowed; apologised for everything, and smiled at Anna's beauty.

Anna was so radiant it still gave with the shadow of the parting with Lucia—that it seemed as if every other woman in the great rose-coloured restaurant paled to insignificance beside her.

She had arrived in these few months of waxing prosperity to full beauty. The gloss on her hair was like the gloss on the wing of a raven, and her eyes, so big and bright, shone full of vision.

She had seemed as if she walked on air to their table; she had there bright with glad dreams. Her hands were now manicured as flawlessly as Lucia's, but even her body was as beautiful in silk as fine. She had no sumptuous furs or jewels, yet never seemed to lack them.

Her youth and beauty clothed and adorned her.

All through the dinner Silver eyed her with increasing passion; all through the dinner he quarrelled with her, and bullied her, and made love to her.

And the insipid Mabel entirely; in fact, he had forgotten her as soon as he stepped outside her house on his way home to dress for Anna; and all the way there and then to the Charlton, he had thought only of Anna.

Anna, and Lucia, and how to go to Rome and Milan; Berlin and Paris, and if he could have seen her down and put his foot on her neck he would have put it there. It was the very truth that he acted that she should be thrown down and kept there for him to have his way.

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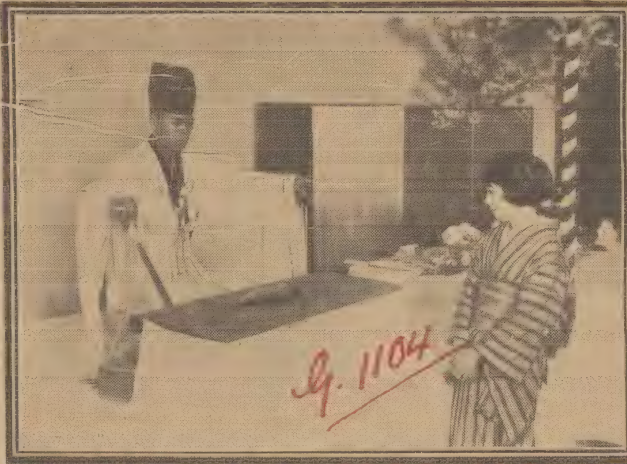
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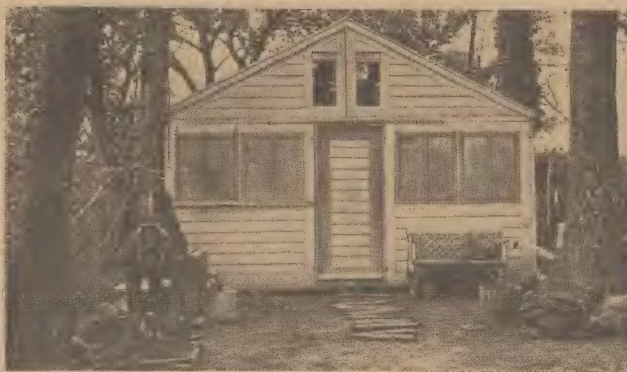
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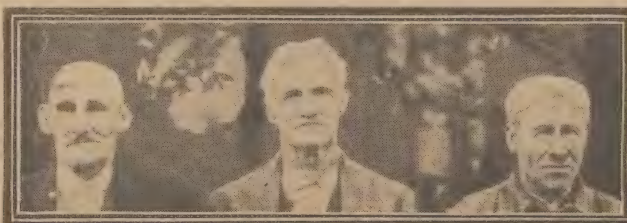
The figure on the left in his robes and with his wand rather suggests that magic is being worked on the fish. However, it is only an exhibition of Shijo cooking at the Tokio home of Baroness Shimazu (right).



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The delightful thing about Snowfire Soap is the way it soothes the skin. This is because it is not only free from excess of alkali, it also contains special emollient properties. Everybody's skin, from baby upwards, is better for the regular use of Snowfire Soap—the soap that soothes.

6d. per Tablet

Snowfire SOAP

For chapped and roughened hands use Snowfire Tablet after washing. For preserving the complexion Snowfire Cream—non-greasy.

ARE YOU NERVOUS TIMIDITY, BLUSHING DO YOU OFTEN STAY AT HOME

—and think how you would like to meet people, go to social gatherings, and really enjoy yourself, but are deterred from doing so by that dreadful Self-consciousness, Shyness, Blushing? A fatal handicap if you are ambitious. STOP! NOW is your opportunity to get the secret—Simple Home Cure in 7 Days for ALL Nerve and Heart Weakness, Palpitation, Blushing, Lack of Confidence, Hot, Cold, Prickly Sensations, etc., Depression. The Cure is very simple. No auto-suggestion or drill. Write to-day, for full particulars will be sent free privately if you mention "Daily Mirror," E. M. DEAN, 12, All Saints Rd., St. Ann's-on-Sea.

DERBY TRIAL

D. Sutherland (Baltimore) occupies second place with 150, and Tom Fernie (Turnberry), a previous holder, is third.

ELECTRIC CONTROL FOR BIG BEN?

AND MUTT OBJECTS TO BEING DISCOVERED IN HIS NEW POSITION AT THE GOLF CLUB!



The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

Squeak hears a new tune—

— and can't get rid of it.

ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW AT SOUTHAMPTON: SPLENDID EXHIBITS OF CATTLE AND SHEEP



Messrs. F. J. Merson and Son's first prize Dorset Horn shearing ram.



The Mayor of Southampton (left), in civic robes, opens the show.



The milking competition, Jersey cows, whose milk is famous.



A judge of the Southdown shearing ewes.



Sir Bernard Greenwell's champion Shorthorn.



The King's champion Shorthorn heifer Windsor Rose II.



The crowd gathers round the ring to see some pretty Jersey cattle.

The Southampton meeting of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society opened yesterday and continues throughout the week. The show, which is on a large scale, covers a wide

range of farming interests, livestock of all kinds, implements and machinery figuring in the catalogue. There are also a number of competitions.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)